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H O R A C E   A N D   T H A C K E R A Y

B Y

G R A N T   S H O W E R M A N .

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A Thesis submitted for the  
Degree of Master of Arts  
in the  
Ancient Classical Course.

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1897.



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Human nature is pretty much the same in  
Regent Street as in the Via Sacra.

Thackeray.



# O U T L I N E.

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## Introductory.

### A. As men.

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3. Snob
4. Greedy, envious, etc.

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A reader of even ordinary acquaintance with ancient classical literature who has read any of the works of the greatest of modern satirists, William Makepeace Thackeray, cannot have failed to notice the wealth of classical allusion of which he makes use. There occur not only those quotations, reminiscences, and mythological references which are called stock, but also so great an abundance of those not in common use---and both the more familiar and the less are introduced with charming originality---that the reader is impressed with the fact that his author dwelt not merely in the suburbs of the classics. This impression is made the stronger by the facility with which Thackeray uses his allusions, exhibiting a sense of grace which goes as far as any other fact toward justifying his admirers in calling their favorite himself a classic. The neatness and taste of his quotations especially cannot be excelled; from whatever source they are drawn, the reader is always delighted with the aptness with which the author introduces them---without a suspicion of pedantry or a hint of violence. "I hold that gentleman to be the best dressed," says Anthony Trollope, "whose dress





no one observes. I am not sure but that the same may be said of an author's written language." Thackeray's quotations are noticeable only for their facility; not once is the reader troubled by the disagreeable thought that a quotation has been dragged into a place carefully prepared beforehand. A few instances of quotation are given:

"Faugh! there is more than one woman we see in society smiling about from house to house, pleasant and sentimental and formosa superne enough; but I fancy a fish's tail is flapping under her fine flounces, and a forked fin at the end of it!"---Newcomes I., 36-4.<sup>#</sup>

"Miss Hopkins, you have been a coquette since you were a year old; you worked on your papa's friends in the nurse's arms by the fascination of your lace front and pretty new sash and shoes; when you could just toddle, you practised your arts upon other children in the square, poor little lambkins sporting among the daisies; and nunc in ovilia, mox in reluctantes dracones, proceeding

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<sup>#</sup> References are to Lee & Shepard's edition of Thackeray, Boston, 1888. Read reference thus: Part I., chapter 36, p.4 (of chapter).



from the lambs to the reluctant dragoons, you tried your arts upon Captain Paget Tompkins"----Newcomes II.,8-12.

"When Lady Castlewood found that her great ship had gone down, she began as best she might, after she had rallied from the effects of the loss, to put out small ventures of happiness; and hope for little gains and returns, as a merchant on 'Change, indocilis pauperiem pati, having lost his thousands, embarks a few guineas upon the next ship."---Esmond, 9-8.

The further fact strikes the attention that there is one ancient writer upon whom our author draws more frequently than upon all others, and who has found a place closer to his heart than any other---the poet Quintus Horatius Flaccus. That "dear old Pagan" was an intimate companion of Thackeray, "learned, and coned by rote"---more than that, absorbed into his spirit. He makes use of very few less than one hundred quotations from this his favorite---a number which, from an author of not many more pages, certainly denotes more than ordinary intimacy.



Why should Thackeray have made so much greater use of Horace than of other ancient poets? The fact that he did so is of some significance as indicating a likeness in spirit between the two men. Given that two individuals bear a resemblance in spirit, will their literary productions also bear a resemblance? This leads to the thesis herein advanced: That Thackeray and Horace bear great resemblances to each other both as men and as authors: as men, in that they looked upon life in many respects with the same eyes; and as authors, in that their methods and style show likenesses.

In a treatment of Thackeray and Horace as men---their outlook upon humanity and society, their lessons of life---use may very properly be made of all the writings of each; but in a treatment of them as authors, it scarcely need be said that more attention will be paid to the satires and epistles of Horace and the greater novels and later essays of Thackeray; for not only do the satires and epistles approach more nearly prose composition and thus afford a more satisfactory basis of comparison, but both authors, in the compositions



named, appear on the whole in their most mature and least artificial state. Especially, in comparing the two authors as to style, the satires and epistles must be taken as a basis rather than the odes and epodes.

But what justification is there for instituting a comparison between an English prose-writer of the nineteenth century of the Christian era and a Roman poet of the last century before Christ? All men, born in Pagan or Christian era, reared under English or Italian skies, are still men, and members of the universal human family. Literature in all its forms and stages is still literature, and one undivided whole---whether in Greek or French, Latin or English---whether the primitive attempts of barbarians, or the elaborate product of centuries of culture. Thackeray and Horace are widely separated in time, religion, and nationality, not to mention other respects; but they are both human, both men, and points of similarity are by no means lacking. That the one wrote almost entirely in prose and other wholly in verse does not separate them so widely as might be supposed. The great lessons of life may be





taught as well in poetry as in prose, as well in fiction as in sermon; an author's personality may be revealed as well in his poetry as in his prose, in the characters he presents in his fiction as well as in the precepts he utters in his letter or essay. And as to satire, tradition bade Horace write in verse; while a new tradition, having almost entirely displaced the old, bade Thackeray satirize through the medium of the novel. The difference in form is perhaps due merely to the different ages in which the authors lived. Had Horace lived in Thackeray's age, he might have been novelist as well as poet; but had Thackeray lived in Horace's time, it seems certain that he would have written satire in verse. Finally, the satires and epistles, as Horace himself says, are but ordinary prose divided into verse and measure.

Primum ego me illorum, dederim quibus esse poetas,  
Excerpam numero: neque enim concludere versum  
Dixeris esse satis; neque, si ~~qui~~ scribat uti nos  
Sermoni propiora, putes hunc esse poetam.



Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divini<sup>or</sup> atque os  
Magna sonaturum, des nominis huius honorem.

.....

His, ego quae nunc,  
Olim quae scripsit Lucilius, eripias si  
Tempora certa modosque et quod prius ordine verbum est  
Posterius facias praeponens ultima primis,  
Non, ut si solvas "postquam Discordia taetra  
Belli ferratos postis portasque refregit,"  
Invenias etiam disiecti membra poetae.

Horace, Satires I., 4, 39-63.



Objects of Satire.

Both Horace and Thackeray were profoundly acquainted with the human heart. Indeed, Horace's popularity among all enlightened nations, and among men of the most varied tastes and talents, living in widely separated ages, is to be explained rather by the fact that he is a poet of humanity than that he is a poet of expression; and as for Thackeray, he lays the human heart, with its griefs and happinesses, its vanities and self-deceptions and loves and hates, bare before the reader. The heart is deceitful above all things, but these men understood it; and the vices and follies and weaknesses of men, and the baseness of the motives which move them, were as apparent as if set before them in bold print; and they have given us what they saw.

As to their method of satire, something will be said later. As to the objects of their satire, it is only reasonable to expect to find that both noticed some things in common; for those traits of human nature and human society which invite satire are not many in number, and do not disappear very swiftly. Indeed, since, as



Thackeray himself tells us, "human nature is pretty much the same in Regent Street as in the Via Sacra," we are not surprised to find the satire of each author directed against envy, discontent, greed, vulgar pretension, dulness and meanness; against the snob, the bore, the toady, the uncharitable. In a word, it is the variations of human selfishness which invite the lash from each. The variations are more numerous with Thackeray (for there are differences, as well as similarities, between the two authors, it must be kept in mind) and the spirit in which he uses the lash may be said to differ somewhat.

What a depth of sensitiveness to boredom is revealed in the ninth satire of the first book! If the famous bore of the Via Sacra could have found such a thing as a button on Horace's toga that day, he would have clung to it as assiduously as ever Talbot Twysden did to that of a lord or a baronet at the club. But the bore, like Twysden, was more than a mere bore---he was a toady<sup>#</sup>; and this character is not spared either by Thackeray or Horace. Indeed, were one to subtract from the former all





that satire which is directed against the cringing and flattering of mankind to its superiors in wealth or station, there would be wide gaps created, indeed; and by doing the same with Horace, one charming satire, at least, would be missed, and others mutilated. A whole satire (II.5)---the one in which Tiresias is called up from Hades to instruct Ulysses in the art of conciliating rich men and obtaining their money---is devoted to the toady---the captator. The advice was such as a Thackerayan toady or will-hunter would surely have followed.

Qui quamvis periurus erit, sine gente, cruentus  
Sanguine fraterno, fugitivus, ne tamen illi  
Tu comes exterior, si postulet ire recuses.

.....

Cautus adito,  
Neudesis operae neve immoderatus abundes.  
Difficilem et morosum offendet garrulus: ultra  
Non etiam sileas; Davus sis comicus atque  
Stes capite obstipo, multum similis metuenti.  
Obsequio grassare; mone, si increbuit aura,



Cautus uti velet carum caput; extrahe turba  
Oppositis umeris; aurem substringi loquaci.  
Importunus amat laudari: donec "Ohe iam!"  
Ad caelum manibus sublatis dixerit, urge:  
Crescentem tumidis infla sermonibus utrem.

Sat.II.,5-15.....98.

Tiresias bethinks him of an old woman at Thebes who made provision in her will that her heir should be obliged to carry in procession her dead body. It was to be thoroughly oiled, and he was to carry it on his bare shoulders. He had stuck so closely to her during life that she wished to see if she could ever slip out of his grasp.

Me sene quod dicam factum est: anus improba Thebis  
Ex testamento sic est elata: cadaver  
Unctum oleo largo nudis umeris tulit heres,  
Scilicet elabi si posset mortua; credo,  
Quod nimium institerat viventi.

Sat.II., 5-84-88.

The picture of those sickening toadies, the Crawleys-- Rawdon and his lady and Mrs. Bute, who by turns stuck so



tight to poor old Miss Crawley, and those wretched hypocrites, the Castlewoods, paying court to the old Baroness---rises in voluntarily in the mind. How both the old spinster and the Baroness---the latter especially---would have enjoyed the humor of Horace's little story!

Again, when Horace describes the two extremes of behavior which men adopt toward their superiors in rank or fortune, and says of the one:

Alter, in obsequium plus aequo pronus et imi  
Derisor lecti, sic nutum divitis horret,  
Sic iterat voces et verba cadentia tollit,  
Ut puerum saevo credas dictata magistro  
Reddere vel partis minimum tractare secundas,

Epp.I.,18, 10-14.

he must have had in mind a character by no means unlike the chaplain Tom Sampson, or servile Twysden; or he may have had in mind some ancient Major Pendennis in search of invitations to dinner, or a Jack Morris, in the seventh heaven if he could but call the Earl of March and Ruglen by his familiar name. Call them by their first names, says Horace:



"Quinte" puta aut "Publi" (gaudent praenomine molles  
Auriculae) Sat. II., 5, 32.

"That was but satire just now," says Thackeray,  
"when we said there were no toad-eaters left in the world.  
There are many men of Sampson's profession now, doubtless;  
nay, little boys at our public schools are sent thither  
at the earliest age, instructed by their parents, and put  
out apprentices to toad-eating. But the flattery is not so  
manifest as it used to be a hundred years since. Young  
men and old have hangers-on, and led-captains, but they  
assume an appearance of equality, borrow money, or  
swallow their toads in private, and walk abroad arm-in-  
arm with the great man, and call him by his name without  
his title." Virginians, I., 31-5.

"We like being insulted by noblemen---it shows they're  
familiar with us. Law bless us! I've known many <sup>and</sup> many a  
genl<sup>mn</sup> about town who'd rather be kicked by a lord than  
not be noticed by him; they've even had an aw of me,  
because I was a lord's footman."

Yellowplush--Foring Parts, p.6.





Another product of human selfishness (and dulness) is the snob, a close ally of the toady and the bore. How unsparing of snobs Thackeray was need not be emphasized to any one who has read his Book of Snobs, or who is at all familiar with the Osbornes, the Hobson-Newcomes, Sir Miles Warrington, and the Claverings. "He who meanly admires mean things is a snob---perhaps that is a safe definition of the character."

Book of Snobs, 2, 2.

"All claret would be port if it could!....For instance, in a certain novel in another place my friend Mr. Talbot Twysden is mentioned---a man whom you and I know to be a wretched ordinaire, but who persists in treating himself as if he was the finest '20 port. In our Britain there are hundreds of men like him; forever striving to swell beyond their natural size, to strain beyond their natural strength, to step beyond their natural stride."

Roundabout Papers, Small-beer Chronicle, p.2.

Horace also knew men who were only "ordinaire, with a port-wine label." So well does he know such men and



recognize the propensity of the human kind to pass for more than they are worth that he puts the following words into the mouth of his slave Davus, who is addressing his master on the privileged Saturnalia:

Accipe: primum

Aedificas, hoc est longos imitaris, ab imo  
Ad summum totus moduli bipedalis: et idem  
Corpore maiorem rides Turbonis in armis  
Spiritus et incessum: qui ridiculus minus illo?  
An quodcumque facit Maecenas, te quoque verum est  
Tanto dissimilem, et tanto certare minorem?  
Absentis ranae pullis vituli pede pressis  
Unus ubi effugit, matri denarrat ut ingens  
Belua cognatos eliserit: illa rogare,  
Quantane? num tantum, sufflans se, magna fuisset?  
"Maior dimidio." "num tanto?" cum magis atque  
Se magis inflaret, "non, si te ruperis," inquit  
"Par eris." Haec at te non multum abludit imago.

Sat. II., 3, 307-320

And what but a snob was the Galaber hospes who pressed his guest to fill his pockets with pears, and,



failing, remarked: "Well, as you please; if you don't take them the hogs will get them?" or Nasidienus, who invited noblemen to his vulgarly rich banquet and bored them all to death with his tedious accounts of each dish, until the dusty canopy fell over table and company and capped the display of the parvenu with a fitting climax? The fourth epode in itself shows Horace's contempt for the pretension of the vulgar rich. Some character from the lower walks of life---a slave, Horace calls him---evidently had acquired a great fortune, and was now a tribunus militum.

Licet superbus ambules pecunia,

Fortuna non mutat genus.

Videsne, sacram metiente te viam

Cum bis trium ulnarum toga,

Ut ora vertat huc et huc euntium

Liberrima indignatio?

Epodes IV., 5-10.

# Epistles I., 7, 14-19.

X Sat. II., 8.



If there is any text in Horace which is illustrated by Thackeray's biting satire upon the nouveaux riches as portrayed in the Osbornes, Lady Clavering, C. Jeames de la Pluche, Coxe-Tuggeridge; and upon proud, ignorant, snobbish aristocracy, it is "Fortuna non mutat genus." There are characters almost without number in his novels who wear magnificent lions' skins, but not one of them for a moment covers up his real identity.

Among the manifestations of human selfishness, greed for wealth and power stands foremost; and it would be surprising if either Horace or Thackeray touched it lightly. They do not. The traditional miser has no place in the English satirists' works for the reason that such a character is not lifelike; but what a host of greedy people confront us in *Vanity Fair* and *The Newcomes*---shouldering each other in the eager pursuit of money and position---sacrificing independence, honor, and happiness in the vain strife! As in Horace's day wealth made people bow and cringe and worship.





Est animus tibi, sunt mores et lingua fidesque,  
Sed quadringentis sex septem milia desunt:  
Plebs eris.

Epp. I., 1, 57-9.

Aurum per medios ire satellites  
Et perrumpere amat saxa potentius  
Ictu fulmineo.

Carm. III., 16, 9-12.

As in Horace's day, too, the great lesson to be  
taught the young was worldly prudence.

Romani pueri longis rationibus assem  
Discunt in partis centum diducere. "Dicat  
Filius Albini: si de quincunce remotast  
Uncia, quid superat? poteras dixisse." "Triens." "Eu!  
Rem poteris servare tuam."

Ars Poetica, 325--9.

Vilius argentum est auro, virtutibus aurum.  
"O cives, cives, quaerenda pecunia primum est;  
Virtus post nummos!" Haec Janus summus ab imo  
Prodocet, haec recinunt iuvenes dictata senesque.

Epp. I. 52-55.



And yet there is no such thing as satiety; desire keeps pace with the increase of wealth, and greed is as active as ever.

Scilicet improbae

Crescunt divitiae: tamen

Curtae nescio quid semper abest rei.

Carm. III., 24, 62-4.

Becky's greed pursues her until she becomes an adventuress at the gaming-table; old Osborne's until he has broken the heart of Amelia and her father and ruined his own peace; Ethel's all but sacrifices her happiness and Clive's; Lady Clara Newcome's life is a wreck because of her greedy relatives, who force her into a marriage with Barnes; Pendennis narrowly escapes the toils on account of his greed; Barry Lyndon knows no law but his own greed; the Castlewoods grovel at the feet of the Baroness and cheat their Virginia kinsman at play, impelled by greed. All are ever pursuing, sometimes winning, sometimes losing, but never satisfied.



The Lessons of Life.

Here the subject naturally shades from a treatment of Horace's and Thackeray's objects of satire to their outlook upon life---its sadness and its happiness---its lessons.

It is not only wealth in the pursuit of which men engage, and the attainment of which leaves the heart still unsatisfied. The whole lesson of the author of *Vanity Fair* is the vanity of human wishes. All of his characters are engaged in the pursuit of some coveted prize---social station, honor in the field, in the council-chamber, family alliances for the sake of wealth or title, or perhaps merely love, and quiet and homely happiness. It is Horace over again:

Quemvis media elige turba,  
Aut ob avaritiam aut misera ambitione laborat.  
Hic nuptarum insanit amoribus, hic puerorum;  
Hunc capit argenti splendor; stupet Albius aere;  
Hic mutat merces surgente a sole ad eum quo  
Vespertina tepet regio, quin per mala praeceps



Fertur, uti pulvis collectus turbine, ne quid  
Summa deperdat metuens aut ampliet ut rem.

Sat.I.,4,25-32.

"There's some particular prize we all of us value, and that every man of spirit will venture his life for. With this, it may be to achieve a great reputation for learning; with that, to be a man of fashion, and the admiration of the town; with another, to consummate a great work of art or poetry, and go to immortality that way; and with another, for a certain time of his life, the sole object and aim is a woman."

Henry Esmond, BOOK III., 2, 13.

But, as has been stated, the lessons taught by both authors is that even when men win the coveted prize, they are not satisfied and happy, but go on striving for the happiness just out of their reach until the end of the chapter.

Nemo, quam sibi sortem

Seu ratio dederit seu fors obiecerit, illa  
Contentus vivat, laudet diversa sequentes.

.....





Instat equis auriga suos vincentibus, illum  
Praeteritum temnens extremos inter euntem.  
Inde fit, ut raro qui se vixisse beatum  
Dicat et exacto contentus tempore vita  
Cedat uti conviva satur, reperire queamus.

Sat. I., 1-12; 115-19.

"Happy! Who is happy? was not there a serpent in Paradise itself, and if Eve had been perfectly happy beforehand, would she have listened to him?"

Virginians, I., 4, 2.

"The lives of the best and purest of us are consumed in a vain desire, and end in a disappointment---as the dear soul's who sleeps in her grave yonder."

Pendennis, II., 28-9.

"Happy! Who is happy? What good is a stalled ox for dinner every day, and no content therewith? Is it best to be loved, and plagued by those you love, or to have an easy, comfortable indifference at home; to follow your fancies, live there unmolested, and die without causing any painful regrets or tears?"

Virginians, I., 13, 9.



"Ah! Vanitas Vanitatum! which of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desire? or, having it, is satisfied?---Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out."

Vanity Fair---Conclusion.

There is not only the selfishness and unsatisfied longing of life to keep the human heart from happiness; but there are sorrows and cares, great and small, which no soul can escape. Care is inevitable. Some are under the Sword of Damocles, and happiness flees afar at the thought of that slender hair. Dr. Firmin, in the power of Tufton Hunt, who knows all his wretched career; Sir Francis Clavering, dogged by Altamont, point the moral of Horace's

Destructus ensis cui super impia

Cervice pendet, non Siculae dapes

Dulcem elaborabunt saporum

Non avium citharaeque cantus

Somnum reducent.

Carm. III., 1, 17-21.



All men have some pursuing demon, some skeleton in the closet, some atra cura dogging them. "Thus, O friendly readers, we see how every man in the world has his own private griefs and business, by which he is more cast down or occupied than by the affairs or sorrows of any other person. While Mrs. Pendennis is disquieting herself about losing her son, and that anxious hold she has had of him, as long as he has remained in the mother's nest, whence he is about to take flight into the great world beyond---while the Major's great soul chafes and frets, inwardly vexed, as he thinks what great parties are going on in London, and that he might be sunning himself in the glances of Dukes and Duchesses, but for those cursed affairs which keep him in a wretched little country hole---while Pen is tossing between his passion and a more agreeable sensation (unacknowledged yet, but swaying him considerably): namely, his longing to see the world---Mr. Smirke has a private care watching at his bedside, and sitting behind him on his pony; and is no more satisfied than the rest of us. How lonely we are in the world! how selfish and secret everybody!"

Pendennis, I., 16-5.



"Which of us has not his anxiety instantly present when his eyes are opened to it and to the world, after his night's sleep?"

Pendennis II., 9-1.<sup>#</sup>

"Black Care sits behind all sorts of horses, and gives a trinkgeld to postilions all over the map."

Newcomes I., 38. 10.<sup>+</sup>

"I tell you that in your course through life you are forever putting your great clumsy foot upon the mute invisible wounds of bleeding tragedies. Mrs. B's closets for what you know are stuffed with skeletons. Look there under the sofa-cushion. Is that merely Missy's doll, or is it the limb of a stifled Cupid peeping out? What do you suppose are those ashes smouldering in the grate?"

Virginians, I., 26, 11.

"The sirens sang after Ulysses long after his marriage, and the suitors whispered in Penelope's ear, and he and she had many a weary day of doubt and care, and so have we all. As regards money, I was put out of

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<sup>#</sup> Ibid, II., 32-5.

<sup>+</sup> Ibid, II., 28-4.





trouble by the inheritance I made: but does not Atra  
Cura sit behind baronets as well as equites?"

Virginians, II., 37-7.

"The world will allow no such compromises between it and that which does not belong to it---no two gods must we serve; but (as one has seen in some old portraits) the horrible glazed eyes of Necessity are always fixed upon you; fly away as you will, black Care sits behind you, and with his ceaseless, gloomy croaking drowns the voice of all more cheerful comparisons."

Crit.Review on George Cruikshank,1.

Yes, that Black Comrade made himself company to human kind in London as well as in Rome. He sat at table with rich old Osborne, went on board ship with honest Dobbin, silvered the hair of simple, virtuous Amelia, went into battle with Esmond, stood at Pendennis' elbow as he toiled over his reviews in the Temple, dogged the Newcome bankers, and even the kindly and generous old Colonel himself; spared neither saint nor sinner, pauper nor millionaire, private nor general, peasant nor lord.



Non enim gazae neque consularis  
Summovet lictor miseros tumultus  
Mentis et curas liqueata circum  
Tecta volantis.

Scandit aeratas vitiosa navis  
Cura nec turmas equitum relinquit,  
Ocior cervis et agente nimbos  
Ocior Euro.

Carm.II.,16; 9-13; 21-25.

Sed Timor et Minae  
Scandunt eodem quo Dominus neque  
Decedit aerata trireme et  
Post equitem sedet atra cura.

Carm.III.,1,37-40.

Horace was as familiar with the lesson as his brother of twenty centuries later. He saw the ceaseless striving of men; saw and felt for his own part the disappointment as goal after goal was reached, prize after prize won, stage after stage of life's journey passed, and the longed-for realm still remained far ahead in the distance.



"Nihil est ab omni parte beatum." Life is full of care  
and discontent. The only thing absolutely sure is death.

Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas

Regumque turris. O beate Sesti,

Vitae summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.

Iam te premet nox fabulaeque manes

Et domus exilis Plutonia.

Carm.I.,4, 13-17.

Sed omnis una manet nox

Et calcanda semel via leti.

Carm.I.,28,15-16.

Visendus ater flumine languido

Cocytos errans et Danaï genus

Infame damnatusque longi

Sisyphus Aeolides laboris.

Linquenda tellus et domus et placens

Uxor, neque harum, quas colis, arborum

Te praetex invisas cupressos

Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.

Carm.II.,14,17-24.



Nulla certior tamen

Rapacis Orci fine destinata

Aula divitem manet

Erum. Quid ultra tendis? Aequa tellus

Pauperi recluditur.

Regumque pueris, nec satellites Orci

Callidum Promethea

Revexit auro captus: hic superbum

Tantalum atque Tantali

Genus coercet, hic levare functum

Pauperem laboribus

Vocatus atque non vocatus audit.

Carm.II.,18, 29-40.

Mors et fugacem persequitur virum,

Nec parcit imbellis inventae

Poplitibus timidove tergo.

Carm.III.,2, 14-16.

Si figit adamantinos

Summis verticibus dira necessitas

Clavos, non animum metu,

Non mortis laqueis expedit caput.

Carm.III.,24, 5-8.





Nos, ubi decidimus,  
Quo pius Aeneas, quo Tullus dives et Ancus,  
Pulvis et umbra sumus.  
Carm.IV.,7,14-16.

Cum bene notum  
Porticus Agrippae et via te conspexerit Appi,  
Ire tamen restat, Numa quo devenit et Ancus.

Epp.I.,6, 25-27.

We shall all have our day, perish from the earth, and be  
known no more; our places will be filled by our heirs,  
and the world will roll on.

Cedes coemptis saltibus et domo  
Villaque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit,  
Cedes, et exstructis in altum  
Divitiis potietur heres.

Carm. II., 3, 17-20.

Absumet heres Caecuba dignior  
Servata centum clavibus et mero  
Tinguet pavementum superbo,  
Pontificum potiore cenis.

Carm. II., 14, 25-28.



The same sentiments are prominent in the English author, expressed with the same gentle melancholy eloquence.

"So, one day, shall the names of all of us be written there; to be deplored by how many?---to be remembered how long?---to occasion what tears, praises, sympathy, censure? ---yet for a day or two while the busy world has time to recollect us who have passed beyond it.-----The snow was falling and whitening the coffin as they lowered it into the ground. It was in the same cemetery in which Lady Kew was buried. I dare say the same clergyman read the same service over the two graves, as he will read it for you or any of us tomorrow, and until his own turn comes."

Newcomes, II., 42, 6.

"He was thinking what a mockery life was, and how men refuse happiness when they may have it; or, having it, kick it down; or barter it, with their eyes open, for a little worthless money or beggarly honor. And then the thought came, what does it matter for the little space? The lives of the best and purest of us are consumed



in a vain desire, and end in a disappointment---as the dear soul's who sleeps in her grave yonder. She had her selfish ambition, as much as Caesar had; and died, balked of her life's longing. The stone covers our hopes and our memories. Our place knows us not."

Pendennis, II., 28, 9.

"The doctor will come up to us too for the last time there, my friend in motley. The nurse will look in at the curtains, and you take no notice---and then she will fling open the windows a little, and let in the air.....Your son will new-furnish the house, or perhaps let it, and go into a more modern quarter; your name will be among the "Members Deceased" in the lists of your clubs next year. However much you may be mourned, your widow will like to have her weeds neatly made---the cook will send or come up to ask about dinner---the survivor will soon bear to look at your picture over the mantelpiece, which will presently be deposed from the place of honor, to make way for the portrait of the son who reigns.....That must be a strange feeling, when a day of our life comes and we say, "Tomorrow, success or



failure won't matter much: and the sun will rise, and all the myriads of mankind go to their work or their pleasure as usual, but I shall be out of the turmoil."

Vanity Fair, II., 21, 2.

"So night and day pass away, and tomorrow comes, and our place knows us not."

Esmond.

"We appeal, we imprecate, we go down on our knees, we demand blessings, we shriek out for sentence according to law; the great course of the world moves on; we pant and strive, and struggle; we hate; we rage; we weep passionate tears; we reconcile; we race and win; we race and lose; we pass away, and other little strugglers succeed; our days are spent; our night comes, and another morning rises, which shines on us no more."

Virginians, II., 30, 2.

"So our names pass away, and are forgotten; and the tallest statues, do not the sands of time accumulate and overwhelm them?.... You parasites of today are bowing to other great people; and this great one, who was alive only yesterday, is as dead as George IV. or Nebuchadnezzar."

Philip, I., 21, 8.





"His place knows him no longer. There are a few who remember him; a very, very few who grieve for him---so few that to think of them is a humiliation almost. The sun sets on the earth, and our dear brother has departed off its face. Stars twinkle; dews fall; children go to sleep in awe, and maybe tears; the sun rises on a new day, which he has never seen, and children wake hungry. They are interested about their new black clothes, perhaps.....Why, great Xerxes or blustering Boabdil must know in that last hour and resting-place how abject, how small, how low, how lonely they are, and what a little dust will cover them."

Philip II., 7, 1.

"As you sit, surrounded by respect and affection; happy, honored, and flattered in your old age; your foibles gently indulged; your least words kindly cherished; your garrulous old stories received for the hundredth time with dutiful forbearance, and never-failing hypocritical smiles; the women of your house constant in their flatteries; the young men hushed and attentive when you begin to speak; the servants awe-stricken; the



tenants cap in hand, and ready to act in the place of your worship's horses when your honor takes a drive---it has often struck you, oh, thoughtful Dives! that this respect, and these glories, are for the main part transferred, with your fee simple, to your sucessor---that the servants will bow, and the tenants shout, for your son as for you; that the butler will fetch him the wine (improved by a little keeping) that's now in your cellar; and that, when your night is come, and the light of your life is gone down, as sure as the morning rises after you and without you, the sun of prosperity and flattery shines on your heir. Men come and bask in the halo of consols and acres that beams round about him: the reverence is transferred with the estate; of which, with all its advantages, pleasures, respect, and good-will, he in turn becomes the life-tenant. How long do you wish or expect that your people will regret you? How much time does a man devote to grief before he begins to enjoy? A great man must keep his heir at his feast like a living memento mori. If he holds very much by life, the presence of the other



must be a constant sting and warning. "Make ready to go," says the successor to your honor; "I am waiting: and I could hold it as well as you."

Pendennis II., 23, 5.

Thus is the lesson pressed upon us. Horace, as has been seen, lost no opportunity of crying the sermon; nor does Thackeray, as his more famous characters depart from earthly scenes, in many instances fail to impress us with the same lesson.

Divesne prisco natus ab Inacho

Nil interest, an pauper et infima

De gente sub divo moreris

Victima nil miserahtis Orci:

Omnes eodem cogimur, omnium

Versatur urna serius ocus

Sors exitura et nos in aeternum

Exilium impositura cumbae.

Carm. II., 3, 21-28.

But if atra cura does sit behind all mortals, and pallida mors does come to all alike, neither Horace nor Thackeray would teach that life need be under the



domination of the former, or that the latter need inspire fear. Their lessons are not all sad ones. On the contrary, the great lesson of each is a lesson in happiness; and even their moralizing on care and death, the saddest subjects, is so charming in its gentle simplicity that no reader would have it omitted.

Some modes of life, both poet and novelist teach, may enable men to bid defiance to the gloomy tormentor and go to meet his pallid ally with unshrinking calmness. He who would win happiness must fortify himself against the extremes of life---as well against great wealth or fame as against poverty or obscurity.

"There are some natures, and perhaps, as we have said, Pendennis's was one, which are improved and softened by prosperity and kindness, as there are men of other dispositions, who become arrogant and graceless under good-fortune. Happy he who can endure one or the other with modesty and good-humor! Lucky he who has been educated to bear his fate, whatsoever it may be, by an early example of uprightness, and a childish training in honor!"

Pendennis II., 3, 14.





The most ludicrous pictures in Thackeray's works are those of the dull or insolent parvenu who is spoiled by his good-fortune; the depth of wretchedness is portrayed in those who have suddenly been plunged from opulence into penury, and who do not know the lesson of aequanimity. Cox or C. Jeames de la Pluche will serve as examples of the one; John Sedley and his wife of the other.

Aequam memento rebus in arduis  
Servare mentem, non secus in bonis  
Ab insolenti temperatam  
Laetitia, moriture Delli,  
Seu maestus omni tempore vixeris,  
Seu te in remoto gramine per dies  
Festos reclinatum bearis  
Interiore nota Falerni.

Carm.II., 3, 1-8.

Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum  
Semper urgendo neque, dum procellas  
Cautus horrescis, nimium premendo  
Litus iniquum.



Auream quisquis mediocritatem  
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti  
Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda  
Sobrius aula.

Rebus angustis animosus atque  
Fortis appare; sapienter idem  
Contraheas vento nimium secundo

Turgida vela.

Carm. II., 10, 1-8; 21-25. #

To say that happiness does not depend upon worldly prosperity is to state the great lesson of both ancient and modern author. True, neither would insist that such prosperity is in itself a hindrance to happiness; but, though wealth as such is not condemned, it is easy to see that the text of both is

"Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough," and that in their opinion it is the simple and humble who are vastly more likely to taste the real sweets of life.

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# Sat. II., 7, 83-88; Epp. I., 11, 22.



Latius regnes avidum domando  
Spiritus, quam si Libyam remotis  
Gadibus iungas et uterque Poenus  
    Serviat uni.

Carm.II.,2, 9-12.

Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum  
Splendet in mensa tenui salinum,  
Nec levis somnos timor aut cupido  
    Sordidus aufert.

.....

Te greges centum Siculaeque circum  
Mugiant vaccae, tibi tollit himnitum  
Apta quadrigis equa, te bis Afro  
    Murice tinctae

Vestiunt lanae: mihi parva rura et  
Spiritus Graiae tenuem camenae  
Parca non mendax dedit et malignum  
    Spernere volgus.

Carm.II.,16,13-16;33-40.

Desiderantem quod satis est, neque  
Tumultuosum sollicitat mare,  
Nec saevus Arcturi cadentis  
    Impetus aut orientis Haedi,



Non verberatae grandine vineae  
Fundusque mendax, arbore nunc aquas  
Culpante, nunc torrentia agros  
Sidera, nunc hiemes iniquas.

Carm.III., 1, 25-32.

To the greedy rich, Horace says:

An vigilare metu exanimem, noctesque diesque  
Formidare malos fures, incendia, servos,  
Ne te compilent fugientes, hoc iuvat? horum  
Semper ego optarim pauperrimus esse bonorum.  
At si condoluit temptatum frigore corpus  
Aut alius casus lecto te adflixit, habes qui  
Adsideat, fomenta paret, medicum roget, ut te  
Suscitet ac reddat gnatis carisque propinquis?

Sat.I.,1, 76-83.

To which question, <sup>Thackeray</sup> would have replied: "Yes, you would have plenty of attendance---from those who hope to be your heirs; and they would so cling around you and burden you with their attentions as to hasten your passage to the beyond."

"No," says Horace, "let me not have great possessions,"





Nam mihi continuo maior quaerenda foret res,  
Atque salutandi plures; ducendus et unus  
Et comes alter, uti ne solus rusve peregreve  
Exirem; plures calones atque caballi  
Pascendi, ducenda petorrita. Nunc mihi curto  
Ire licet mulo vel si libet usque Tarentum  
Mantica cui lumbos onere ulceret atque eques armos;  
Obiciet nemo sordes mihi quas tibi, Tilli,  
Cum Tiburte via praetorem quinque sequuntur  
Te pueri, lasanum portantes oenophorumque.  
Hoc ego commodius quam tu, praeclare senator,  
Milibus atque aliis vivo.....

Sat.I., 6, 100-111.

His pride in his humble father and his country bringing  
up is well-known; and his delight in the simplicity of  
life on his little Sabine farm. Simple surroundings,  
simple fare, and content.

Parvum parva decent: mihi iam non regia Roma,

Sed vacuum Tibur placet aut inbelle Tarentum.

Epp. I., 7, 44-45.

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\* Carm.I., 31; I.38; II.18, 9-13; III.1, 41-48; 29, 49-64;  
Epodes II; Sat.II.6; etc. etc.



Non possidentem multa vacaveris

Recte beatum; rectius occupat

Nomen beati qui deorum

Muneribus sapienter uti

Duramque callet pauperiem pati

Peiusque leto flagitium timet,

Non ille pro caris amicis

Aut patria timidus perire.

Carm.IV.,9,45-52.

And Thackeray? Run through the catalogue of his principal characters: Dobbin, Clive and the Colonel, Pendennis, Philip, Esmond, the Warringtons. What is the lesson these characters are meant to convey---these, as well as their opposites: Geo. Osborne and the Crawleys, Barnes, Dr. Firmin, Beatrix, the Castlewoods? Surely that the ideal in the author's mind is the man of simple tastes and kindly nature who has to face the trials of fortune and work out his own destiny. Philip Firmin was never so happy as on the day he found that his father had left England and ruined his son; never more miserable



and discontented than while he was still the prospective heir to a large fortune.

"Talk of poverty, indeed! That period, Philip vows, was the happiest of his life. He liked to tell in after days of the choice acquaintance of Bohemians which he had formed."

Philip, I., 19, 4.

Pendennis never approached happiness until he had been placed at the lowest rung in the ladder and had worked his way to a humble competence; Esmond chooses to remain a humble soldier without his inheritance and title; George Warrington of Virginia knows his greatest happiness while struggling for a living; Colonel Newcome loses his when he becomes a great bank director; Ethel never knows happiness until she has put away her greed for wealth and a title, and gives herself to a life of simplicity in the care of her brother's children; James Wolfe and the Lamberts are of the humble orders. If any characters are depicted as happy, it is because they are of simple tastes and virtuous ambitions. Wealth is rated as an aid if rightly used, but not as essential; and the ideal character sees it as such.



Fortuna saevo laeta negotio et  
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax  
Transmutat incertos honores,  
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.  
Laudo manentem; si celeris quatit  
Pernas, resigno quae dedit et mea  
Virtute me involvo probamque  
Pauperiem sine date quaero.

Carm. III., 29, 49-56.

The Colonel in India is happy living as a frugal soldier; in England, trying to keep up a fine house, he is wretched. Lords and Ladies keep themselves in the greatest straits in the attempt to keep up appearances; and humbler folk, in aping aristocrats, ruin themselves. The Castlewoods are a set of gilded wretches while Harry Warrington is happy in his simple country life in Virginia; Pendennis is ruined and unhappy in his effort to be a man about town, while his friend Warrington is living with contentment in a garret; Agnes Twysden marries a mulatto for his money and endures a living





death, and the Little Sister is happy in her noiseless but merciful life.

"In a word, in the height of your social prosperity, there was always a lurking dissatisfaction, and a something bitter, in the midst of the fountain of delights at which you were permitted to drink."

Newcomes, I., 9, 4.

Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,  
Ab dis plura feret: nil cupientium  
Nudus castra peto et transfuga divitum  
Partis linquere gestio,  
Contemptae dominus splendidior rei,  
Quam si quicquid arat impinger Apulus  
Occultare meis dicerer horreis,  
Magnas inter opes inops.  
Purae rivos aquae silvaeque iugerum  
Paucorum et segetis certa fides meae  
Fulgentem imperio fertilis Africae  
Fallit sorte beatior.  
Quamquam nec Calabriae mella ferunt apes  
Nec Laestrygonia bacchus in amphora



Languescit mihi nec pinguis Gallicis  
Crescunt vellera pascuis,  
Importuna tamen pauperies abest,  
Nec, si plura velim, tu dare deneges.  
Contracto melius parva cupidine  
Vectigalia porrigam,  
Quam si Mygdoniis regnum Alyattei  
Campis continuem. Multa petentibus  
Desunt multa: benest, cui deus obtulit  
Parca quod satis est manu.

Carm. III., 16, 21-44.

Such is the greatest lesson which Horace and Thackeray teach in common. The homely blessings of life--- honesty, sincerity, simplicity, kindness, independence--- do not fall to the lot of the so-called great and successful. The worthiest of all ambitions is to be a simple, kind-hearted gentleman, to grow lenior et melior accedente senecta, and to die, like Colonel Newcome, with a heart "as that of a little child."

And that both ancient and modern author were simple and kindly gentlemen, and that they did grow lenior et



melior accedente senecta no one who is not perverse will doubt; for, keen as they are to see through the actions of men to the motives behind, our authors are both full of the spirit of sweet charity.

Nam vitiis nemo sine nascitur; optimus ille est,  
Qui minimis urgetur. amicus dulcis, ut aequum est,  
Cum mea compenset vitiis bona, pluribus hisce,  
Si modo plura mihi bona sunt, inclinet: amari  
Si volet, hac lege in trutina p<sup>o</sup>netur eadem.  
Qui ne tuberibus propriis offendat amicum  
Postulat, ignoscet verrucis illius: aequum est  
Peccatis veniam poscentem reddere rursus.

Sat. I., 3, 68-75.

Let each one remember his own weaknesses and bear with those of his friends as a father would overlook a physical defect in his son.

Cum tua pervideas oculis mala lippus inunctis:  
Cur in amicorum vitiis tam cernis acutum,  
Quam aut aquila aut serpens Epidaurius? at tibi contra  
Evenit, inquirant vitia ut tua rursus et illi.  
Iracundior est paulo, minus aptus acutis



Naribus horum hominum; ridere possit eo quod  
Rusticius tonso toga defluit et male laxus  
In pede calceus haeret; at est bonus, ut melior vir  
Non alius quisquam, at tibi amicus, at ingenium ingens  
Inculto latet hoc sub corpore. denique te ipsum  
Concute, numqua tibi vitiorum inseverit olim  
Natura aut etiam consuetudo mala: namque  
Neclectis urenda filix innascitur agris.  
Illuc praevertamur, amatorem quod amicae  
Turpia decipiunt caecum vitia, aut etiam ipsa haec  
Delectant, veluti Balbinum polypus Hagnae.  
Vellem in amicitia sic erraremus et isti  
Errori nomen virtus possuisset honestum:  
Ac pater ut gnati, sic nos debemus, amici  
Siquod sit vitium, non fastidire: strabonem  
Appellat paetum pater,-----

Sat. I., 3, 25-44.

And when Davus is permitted to address his master in Sat. II., 7, it is plain how just an estimate the gentle moralist places upon his own failings. Again, in Epp. II., 2, 210-11:





*Notalis grate numeras? Ignoscis amicis?*

*Lenior et melior fis accedente senecta?*

The Newcomes, while full of keen satire, which sometimes approaches bitterness, is at the same time full of charity. Ethel, the worldly, the sordid, who provokes the reader's indignation again and again, never moves the kind and just author to anger.

"You know how difficult it is for one young woman not to acquiesce when the family council strongly orders. In fine, I hope there was a good excuse for the queen of this history, and that it was her wicked domineering old prime minister who led her wrong. Otherwise, I say, we would have another dynasty. Oh, to think of a generous nature, and the world, and nothing but the world, to occupy it!---of a brave intellect, and the milliner's bandboxes, and the scandal of the coteries, and the fiddle-faddle etiquette of the court for its sole exercise! of the rush and hurry from entertainment to entertainment; of the constant smiles and cares of representation; of the prayerless rest at night, and the awaking to a godless morrow! This was the course of life



to which Fate, and not her own fault altogether, had for a while handed over Ethel Newcome. Let those pity her who can feel their own weakness and misgiving! let those punish her who are without fault themselves."

Newcomes, II., 7, 6.

"If you take temptations into account, who is to say that he is better than his neighbor?"

Vanity Fair II., 1, 12.

"O, be humble, my brother, in your prosperity! Be gentle with those who are less lucky, if not more deserving. Think, what right have you to be scornful, whose virtue is a deficiency of temptation, whose success may be a chance, whose rank may be an ancestor's accident, whose prosperity is very likely a satire."

Vanity Fair II., 17, 3.<sup>#</sup>

"We own, and see daily, how the false and worthless live and prosper, while the good are called away, and the dear and young perish untimely,--we perceive in every man's life the maimed happiness, the frequent falling, the bootless endeavor, the struggle of Right and Wrong,

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<sup>#</sup> Lovel the Widower, I., p.2.



in which the strong often succumb and the swift fail: we see flowers of good blooming in foul places as, in the most lofty and splendid fortunes, flaws of vice and meanness, and stains of evil; and, knowing how mean the best of us is, let us give a hand of charity to Arthur Pendennis, whith all his faults and shortcomings, who does not claim to be a hero, but only a man and a brother."

Pendennis, Conclusion.

Thus much concerning life-lessons which Horace and Thackeray teach in common. Other things in which they resemble each other might be mentioned---their love of independence, which is but a corollary to their hatred of the toady and the snob; their occasional humor on the subject of women and love; their frequent allusion to wine, its charms and its abuse; their humorous appreciation of the fact that John and Davus know their masters' affairs quite as well as the masters themselves; and other details of minor importance.

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\*Carm. I., 19; III., 9; IV., 1. Vanity Fair I., 4, 3.

+Ibid, I., 18; III., 21; IV., 2. Virginians I., 31, 8; Lovel IV., p. 11.

\*Sat. II., 7. Pendennis I., 36, 8.



Style.

The foregoing has dealt with Horace and Thackeray as men and as teachers, showing that they possess points of similarity in their outlook upon life. Their satire is directed against many vices and weaknesses in common, and they agree in teaching certain lessons. There is an appreciable correspondence in spirit and matter; is there any correspondence in style? It will be pointed out that their methods agree in certain respects, and that there are certain traits which may be clearly recognized in each.

It has already been said that both authors were satirists. Now there is satire and satire---some of which is blustering and clumsy, as if one should strike with a club; some keen and stinging and whip-like; some consisting in thundering invective, and some in delicate sarcasm, and some in mere laughing. The genuinely angry author usually takes up the coarser weapon, though he will use the whip, too, if he understands how to wield it effectively. Juvenal lays about him furiously with the club, and, indeed, does no small execution.





Not so Horace. He tells the truth, as Juvenal does, but not with exaggeration, and with no fierceness. The key-note of his satire is found in Sat. I., 1,24.

Quamquam ridentem dicere verum

Quid vetat?

All the satirist needs to do to be effective is to speak the truth; to present in a smiling way the weaknesses and vices and follies of mankind in their true light, for the world to see in all their ridiculousness. Most men would endure a blow with greater grace than to be made ridiculous.

Ridiculum acri

Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secatur res.

Sat. I., 10, 14-15.

And so Horace laughs at the miser, the toady, the captator, and the parvenu; laughs at the Stoics for their more absurd doctrines; laughs at the literary laudatores temporis acti, and the tastes of the multitude. A very few times, indeed, he picks up the bludgeon, and then is at his worst.



Thackeray is justly famed for telling the truth about life. His characters are like those of the everyday world. About the vices of the world, as about its virtues, he gives his reader the truth; and like Horace, he presents the picture with kindly, smiling face. There is no need of railing when he shows us the picture of English society with its selfishness, shame, and arrogance. The picture is so true that to show it is to be a satirist, and the author merely leads the company of those who smile at the spectacle.

"And as we bring our characters forward, I will ask leave, as a man and a brother, not only to introduce and talk about them, but occasionally to step down from the platform and talk about them; if they are good and kindly, to love them and shake them by the hand; if they are silly, to laugh at them confidentially in the reader's sleeve; if they are wicked and heartless, to abuse them in the strongest terms which politeness admits of----Such people there are living and flourishing in the world---Faithless, Hopeless, Charityless: let us have at them,



dear friends, with might and main. Some there are, and very successful, too, mere quacks and fools: and it was to combat and expose such as those, no doubt, that Laughter was made."

Vanity Fair I., 8, 8.

"But this is growing too savage: don't let us forget our usual amenity, and that tone of playfulness and sentiment with which the beloved reader and writer have pursued their mutual reflections hitherto."

Book of Snobs, XXXII.2.

"You, who despise your neighbor, are a Snob; you, who forget your own friends, meanly to follow after those of a higher degree, are a Snob; you, who are ashamed of your poverty, and blush for your calling, are a Snob; as are you who boast of your pedigree, or are proud of your calling.

To laugh at such is Mr. Punch's business. May he laugh honestly, hit no foul blow, and tell the truth when at his very broadest grin---never forgetting that if Fun is good, Truth is still better, and Love best of all."

Book of Snobs--Conclusion.



As specific examples of this method of "telling the truth when at a broad grin," may be cited the Novels by Eminent Hands, Memoirs of Yellowplush, The History of the Next French Revolution, Epistles to the Literati, among the earlier works; and among the later the Roundabout Paper on Ogres. And in the case of the great majority of the characters satirized in the great novels---Major Pendennis, Farintosh, Mrs. Hobson-Newcome, Twysden, the Crawleys, Sir Miles and Lady Warrington, etc. etc.--- what have we but an illustration of the text ridiculum acri fortius et melius, etc.? There are, to be sure, parts of the Newcomes which, if spoken with a smiling face at all, are spoken with a very bitterly smiling one. The fact is Horace's smile was more genial in satire than Thackeray's; for the latter, it must be remarked, took the wrongs of the world to heart far more, felt at the same time more anger and more grief, and was more deeply in earnest with life.

But even the genial and gentle Horace was accused of harshness, and there were those who complained of his severity and feared his pen. Who were they? As is entirely





natural, they were those who had been victims to his satire; and no doubt they called Horace, as a like class has called Thackeray, a cynic. Of course. What more natural than that a Tigellius should think the former a cynic, or a Barnes Newcome or a Major Pendennis the latter? But a cynic means a snarling, ill-conditioned cur---a misanthrope, in short; and who can accuse either author of being such? Two more kindly, charitable hearts never beat. Both felt the charge of harshness enough to make some allusion to it in their writings in the way of defense.

Nunc illud tantum quaeram, meritone tibi sit  
Suspectum genus hoc scribendi. Sulcius acer  
Ambulat et Caprius, rauci male cumque libellis  
Magnus uterque timor latronibus; at bene si quis  
Et vivat puris manibus, contemnat utrumque.  
Ut sis tu similis Caeli Birrique latronum,  
Non ego sim Capri neque Sulci: cur metuas me?

.....

"Lædere gaudes"

Inquit "et hoc studio pravus facis." under petitem  
Hoc in me iacis?



Ego si risi, quod ineptus  
Pastillos Rufillus olet, Gargonius hircum,  
Lividus et mordax videor tibi?

Sat. I., 4, 64-93.

Sunt quibus in satira videor nimis acer et ultra  
Legem tendere opus; sine nervis altera, quicquid.  
Composui, pars esse putat similisque meorum  
Mille die versus deduci posse.

Sat. II., I., 1-4.

One does not feel that Horace took the charge  
very seriously to heart, or, at least, was wounded  
by it as Thackeray was.

"I don't know about other gentlemen, but if I make  
a joke myself I cry; if I write a pathetic scene I am  
laughing wildly all the time---at least Tomkins thinks  
so. You know I am such a cynic!"

Roundabout--On a Peal of Bells, p.9.

"This is what is called cynicism, you know. Then I  
suppose my wife is a cynic, who clutches her children  
to her pure heart, and prays gracious heaven to guard



them from selfishness, from worldliness, from heartlessness, from wicked greed."

Philip I., 8, 8.<sup>#</sup>

Another trait in which Horace and Thackeray bear a resemblance is in their treatment of Nature. Both were interested rather in human nature than in out-door, physical nature, and therefore natural scenery plays a minor part in their works. Both prove that they are abundantly able to describe, but, save in those works of Thackeray which were written expressly as descriptions of natural scenery, there is little prominence given to physical nature by either. When they do present a scene it is in few and vivid words, and for the most part the description is made subservient to some moral idea; at least, it takes second place, humanity being first. Description for the mere sake of description, with the exception above indicated, is almost entirely absent from the pages of both authors. To illustrate: when Horace writes:

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<sup>#</sup> Philip II., 3, 2; 6, 9.



Dicam et Alciden puerosque Ledaë,  
Hunc equis, illum superare pugnis  
Nobilem: quorum simul alba nautis  
Stella refulsit,  
Defluit saxis agitatus umor,  
Concidunt venti fugiuntque nubes  
Et minax, quod sic voluere, ponto  
Unda recumbit,

Carm. I., 12, 25-32.

the charming touches of natural description are in subordination to the idea of the power of the heroes.<sup>#</sup> Compare, with the same thought of the subordination of natural scenes to a moral idea, the following:

"No more firing was heard at Brussels---the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and city; and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart."

Vanity Fair, I., 32, end.

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<sup>#</sup> Carm. III., 6, 33-48; 29, 17-24, etc.





"My dear friend, I will go with you around the world on such an errand', I said, kissing her hand. How beautiful she looked! the generous color rose in her face, her voice thrilled with happiness. The music of Christmas church bells leaped up at this moment with joyful gratulations; the face of the old house, before which we stood talking, shone out in the morning sun!"

Newcomes II., 39, end.

"The sun sets on the earth, and our dear brother has departed off its face. Stars twinkle; dew falls; children go to sleep in awe and maybe tears; the sun rises on a new day, which he has never seen, and children wake hungry."

Philip II., 7, 1.

Both authors, well versed as they were in human nature, identified themselves with no particular school of philosophers. Life was their field of study, not speculative philosophy.

It is scarcely necessary to mention the use which both poet and novelist make of allusion. Any reader of



Horace knows what an abundance of allusion---mythological and literary---his poems contain; and it would be a matter of difficulty to find an English author with a greater wealth of allusion than Thackeray. The reader is greeted with such an array of neatly introduced quotations from and allusions to classical literature, both ancient and modern---that he is kept in a most complete state of gratification.<sup>#</sup> Horace has a more scant stock behind him than the modern author, but Greek Classics, and what there was of Latin literature up to his time, are the subjects of frequent allusion; and his use of ancient myth needs no comment.<sup>†</sup>

Under this head belongs the trait, very pronounced in both, of expressing ideas by means of what may be called type-names; e.g. such uses as that of Joseph to denote the younger and penniless brother; Lady Jezebel to denote wickedness and pride; Darby and Joan for the faithful and happy old couple; Dives and Lazarus; Strephon and Chloe; Phillis and Corydon; Lovelace and Clarissa;

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<sup>#</sup> Virginians I., 18-4; Newcomes I, 5, 10; 28-11; Philip I, 17, 6.

<sup>†</sup> Carm. II, 13; IV, 6; Sat. I, 1, 68, 100; 2, 20; II. 3, 69; 133-141; etc.



Jenny and Jessamy; Titania and Bottom; Lord Longears, Meliboeus, Melissa, Sacharissa, by Thackeray; and Naevius and Nomentanus, to denote spendthrifts; Tantalus, to denote the greedy and insatiate; Pantolabus, the knave; Davus, the slave; Chremes, the deluded master; Fabius, the loquacious; Crispinus, Rufillus, Gargonius, Sisyphus, Sulcius and Caprius, and Proteus, by Horace. Of course the latter's use of names is scarcely to be spoken of in comparison with Thackeray's. Horace made use of many names which were real names of his time, while Thackeray, not having the same license, was compelled to create in large measure his wonderful array of type-names. But the manner and spirit in which such names are introduced is the same. The extracts which follow are fair illustrations of the facility in allusion of our authors, as well as of their use of type-names.

"And so they went on in Arcadia itself, really. Not in that namby-pamby ballet and idyll world, where they tripped up to each other in rhythm, and talked hexameters; but in the real, downright, no-mistake country---Arcadia---where Tityrus, flouting to Amaryllis in the shade, had



his pipe very soon put out when Meliboeus (the great grazier) performed on his melodious, exquisite, irresistible : cowhorn; and where Daphne's mother dressed her up with ribbons and drove her to market, and sold her, and swapped her, and bartered her like any other lamb in the fair."

Philip I., 9, 9.

"I pace this broad Baden walk as the sunset is gilding the hills round about, as the orchestra blows its merry tunes, as the happy children laugh and sport in the alleys, as the lamps of the gambling house are lighted up, as the throngs of pleasure-hunters stroll, and smoke, and flirt, and hum; and wonder sometimes, is it the sinners who are most sinful? Is it poor Prodigal yonder amongst the bad company, calling black and red and tossing the champagne; or brother Straightlace, that grudges his repentance? Is it downcast Hagar, that slinks away with poor little Ishmael in her hand; or bitter old virtuous Sarah, who scowls at her from my demure Lord Abraham's arm?"

Newcomes I., 28, 11.





"Quanto rectius hoc, quam tristi laedere versu  
Pantolabum scurram Nomentanumque nepotem,  
Cum sibi quisque timet, quamquam est intactus, et odit"  
Quid faciam? saltat Milanius, ut semel icto  
Accessit fervor capiti numerusque lucernis;  
Castor gaudet equis, ovo prognatus eodem  
Pugnis; quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum  
Milia.

Sat.II.,1,21-28.

Scribe decem a Nerio; non est satis; adde Cicutae  
Nodosi tabulis centum, mille adde catenas;  
Effugiet tamen haec sceleratus vincula Proteus.

Sat.II.,3, 69-71.

Another common trait is illustration by means of digression in anecdote or fable. Incidents, trifling in themselves, are related, to serve as points upon which to hang a moral.

Quid facias illi? iubeas miserum esse, libenter  
Quatenus id facit; ut quidam memoratur Athenis  
Sordidus ac dives, populi contemnere voces  
Sic solitus: "populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo



Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arca,"  
Tantalus a labris sitiens fugientia captat  
Flumina. Quid rides? mutato nomine, de te  
Fabula narratur.

Sat.I.,1,63-70.

Me sene quod dicam factum est: anus improbe Thebis--Sat.II.  
5, 84-88; libertinus erat----3, 281-86; Luculli miles---  
Epp. II, 2, 26-40; fuit haud ignobilis Argis---128-140;  
etc. etc.

Such digressions are frequent in Thackeray's novels when he "steps down from the platform and talks about" his characters, and abound in such works as the Round-about Papers.

"In the faded ink, on the yellow paper that may have crossed and recrossed oceans, that has lain locked in chests for years, and buried under piles of family archives, while your friends have been dying and your head has grown white---who has not disinterred mementos like these---from which the past smiles at you so sadly, shimmering out of Hades an instant but to sink back again into the cold shades, perhaps with a faint, faint sound of a remembered tone---a ghostly echo of a once



familiar laughter? I was looking, of late, at a wall in the Naples Museum, whereon a boy of Herculaneum eighteen hundred years ago had scratched with a nail the figure of a soldier. I could fancy the child turning around and smiling on me after having done his etching. Which of us that is thirty years old has not had his Pompeii? Deep under the ashes lies the Life of Youth---the careless Sport, the Pleasure and Passion, the darling Joy. You open an old letter-box and look at your own childish scrawls, or your mother's letters to you when you were at school; and excavate your heart. Oh me for the day when the whole city shall be bare and the chambers unroofed---and every cranny visible to the Light above, from the Forum to the Lupanar."

Newcomes I., 28, 8.<sup>#</sup>

Lastly, what is exceedingly difficult to convey in words but can scarcely fail to be felt in reading Horace and Thackeray, there is that quality of style in both which gives the reader a sense of personal contact with his author. He feels that the gentle moralizing of the

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<sup>#</sup> Vanity Fair II., 17, 2<sup>e</sup>---"I recollect once etc"; Philip I., 17, 5---"I was in the company," etc.



author is addressed to him personally---in pleasant confidence, as it were; and that it is a homily for both. They "step down as men and brethren" and hold intercourse with the reader, confide in him, ask his opinion, confess to him. "Dear, kind reader, with whom I love to talk from time to time, stepping down from the stage where our figures are performing." And of Horace, nothing can better express his place in the reader's heart than the closing words of Andrew Lang's letter to him, in which he calls him "of mortals the most human, the friend of my friends and of so many generations of men." Their urbanity, their humanity, their sympathy, and above all, their sweet charity, contribute toward making their readers friends as well as admirers; to read either is like holding converse with a dear friend; and in the background of every page a kindly face is beaming.





# Conclusion.

It is possible to draw still other parallels between Horace and Thackeray, both as to their lives and their writings. Both were born away from the metropolis and brought to it as boys; both received their impulse to write from needy circumstances; both are invaluable as mirroring the characteristics of the society of their times in their works; both were of modest and retiring disposition; both matured late; both were sufferers from ill-health; and both died suddenly at an age not greatly beyond their prime.

But such resemblances as these are almost entirely superficial, and might perhaps be traced between many men and still have no significance; and indeed someone might reasonably inquire as to whether even those larger correspondences which have been traced in this paper could not also be traced between almost any pair of authors. The objects of satire in the world, it might be said, consist of a few very prominent features toward which the attention of any satirist, of whatever age or nation, would naturally be drawn. True, but Lucilius, Persius, Juvenal, *Sp. Suet*, Byron---what reader thinks of these



satirists in the same class as Horace and Thackeray? Lucilius satirized the opposition; Juvenal, especially, his own time and a few of its characteristics; Pope and Byron their own enemies. Who cares to read the satire of any one of these authors, and how long after their composition did they possess a living interest? Theirs was the satire of a generation; while the scope of Horace's and Thackeray's satire was the whole realm of human nature. The objects of their smiling censure exist now as they did twenty centuries ago, and as they will through the centuries to come.

It might also be urged that the life-lessons which have been mentioned are to be found in any author one may chance to pick up; for who that has written at any length has failed to say that death is the common lot, that care is the inheritance of all mortals, and that simplicity and contentment are desirable qualities, and charity should be shown the weak? That the lessons of simplicity and charity are in any other work, except one of purely religious nature, made so prominent and impressive, or are communicated with such a glowing



warmth, this paper denies. These lessons, like those on death and care and equanimity are conventional, and can be searched out in many works; as can also many other conventional teachings. They are the property of all authors, of all humanity; but not all authors feel them and teach them, and when two, like the ones under consideration, are found to agree in choosing certain conventionalities from among the large number possible, it is significant as indicating a resemblance of spirit between the two. The nature of Horace and of Thackeray was such as to lead them to see much the same things in the world of humanity, and to comment upon them in much the same way; just as a magnet will attract some metals, while others remain undisturbed by its presence.

The treatment of the subject would be incomplete were nothing said as to the differences between Horace and Thackeray. The difference between them as regards literary form has been mentioned; they differed of course as to belief in a future of immortality; there is the marked difference arising from the different positions of women in the two ages; the scene of Horace's ideal



life of kindliness and simplicity is the country retreat, while Thackeray manifests no special affection for rural scenes, in their satire, as has been mentioned, the novelist betrays a deeper indignation against wrong; and, in all utterances on life, impresses us as having a deeper tone.

Differences there are, and, as might naturally be expected, great ones; but the resemblances are also great. Of the differences, nearly every one is but an accident of time, while the resemblances have their foundation in what is universal and enduring---human nature. However, the correspondences which have been traced, if unaccompanied by a certain other evidence impossible to be put into words, are not convincing in the highest possible degree as to the likenesses of our two men and authors; for the seat of authority lies in the spirit of the reader, and the greatest proof that they are alike is found in the fact that the sympathetic reader feels that, while reading the one or the other, he is in the same atmosphere---that both Pagan and Christian understand his soul, and that both Horace and





Thackeray are men and brethren with himself. As he reads the last page of the novelist or the poet, and closes the volume, he may say with Andrew Lang:

"Who has not heard these tones, and who does not hear them as he turns over your books that, for so many years, have been his companions and comforters? We have been young and old, we have been sad and merry with you, we have listened to the midnight chimes with Pen and Warrington, have stood with you beside the death-bed, have mourned at that yet more awful funeral of lost love, and with you have prayed in the inmost chapel sacred to our old and immortal affections, à léal souvenir!"

And when he closes for the last time the little well-worn volume of the "dear old Pagan:"

"Farewell, dear Horace; farewell, thou wise and kindly heathen; of mortals the most human, the friend of my friends and of so many generations of men."



Approved.

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